

March 2005

Friends Bulletin

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The Official Publication of Pacific, North Pacific
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Friends Reach Out to the People of India and Other Tsunami Victims



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Friends Bulletin

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(Opinions expressed are those
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EDITORIAL

Responding to War and Disaster, Awakening to Peace

Disasters and wars bring out the best as well as the worst in people. It was gratifying to see how many people gave generously to the victims of the recent tsunami. Our cover story features David Albert, a Friend who flew to India with his daughter and became personally involved in relief efforts because of his long-term commitment to a poor community in India. He writes feelingly about how leaders in this community are organizing villagers to help rebuild their lives. What David notes, and what most of the media ignores, is the fact that economic injustice has exacerbated the poverty of these people. As one aid worker put it, "I came here to find out what could be done to aid in the tsunami relief, and now I see there is a tsunami in this area all the time."

When hundreds of millions of dollars were pledged to help the victims of this disaster, some commented on the "stinginess" of the US government. Use of this word raised the hackles of high-ranking government officials, but the facts cannot be denied. The European Union gave away \$36.5 billion in development aid in 2003. The US gave only one third of this amount—and much of that aid went to Israel or had strings attached (nearly 80% of US development aid obliges recipients to purchase US goods and services).

Fortunately, the American people are more *liberal* (in the best sense of that word) than our government. Indeed, we must give more than ever before to show the world that we Americans are not as bad as most of the world now believes us to be.

The gap between our government's self-congratulatory perception of itself, and the world's perception, between rhetoric and reality, becomes wider each day. The current debate over torture is a case in point. It has been shown that the current Administration considered certain provisions of the Geneva Convention obsolete and "quaint" and encouraged what it euphemistically calls "prisoner abuse."

Yet many Americans are in denial about our use of torture, or employ specious arguments to justify it. Friend Peg Morton, who served time in federal prison protesting the School of the Americas, writes that American use of torture is nothing new:

The torture of Iraqi detainees held at the Abu Ghraib military prison near Baghdad is part of a larger pattern of abuse and torture at the hands of US soldiers, US-trained soldiers, independent contractors and intelligence agents around the world. In fact, US intelligence manuals advocating torture techniques and describing how to circumvent laws on due process, arrest and detention were used for at least a decade to train Latin American soldiers at the School of the Americas.

How then does war bring out the best in us?

By obliging us to take extraordinary action to end it!

I have started to get up early every Friday morning to attend meetings of the Interfaith Coalition United for Justice and Peace (ICUJP) that takes place at 7:00 am in downtown Los Angeles. When I arrived at my first meeting, I was astonished that sixty or seventy souls had gotten up at the crack of dawn to participate, but the more I attended, the more I understood why. It's empowering as well as energizing to be part of a group that is wholeheartedly committed to peace and progressive social change. Being part of this group has been, for me, a new "awakening to peace."

It's also empowering to be part of a community with peacemakers like Elise Boulding, socially concerned poets like David Ray, and committed Friends like Eric Sabelman, Eva Miller, Janet Leslie, and Walter Sullivan, to name just a few. Sharing their works with you through *Friends Bulletin* is a great joy, for which I am grateful to the Spirit and to Friends.

Anthony Manousos

Cover: Tsunami Orphans, Nagapattinam, Tamil Nadu, South India

Nothing is Impossible:

Olympia Friends Go to India to Help with Tsunami Relief Effort

by David H. Albert
Olympia (WA) Meeting

My daughter Aliyah Shanti and I spent three weeks in January 2005, doing tsunami relief work in coastal south India. We had planned to be there anyway, celebrating the publication of *The Color of Freedom*, the oral biography of S. Jagannathan and Krishnammal Jagannathan, my two Indian "parents." This book describes how these two Gandhian revolutionaries played important roles in the struggle for Indian Independence, the nonviolent land reforms of the 1950s and 1960s, the struggle against Untouchability, and are now engaged in a battle against the environmental destruction wrought by multinational aquaculture interests, partially funded by the World Bank, on the coast of south India (you can read about it at my website—www.skylarksings.com).

Instead of promoting this book, we found ourselves involved in relief efforts for the people of this region, trying to raise funds to help them to build permanent housing. (You can read all about it at www.lafti.net.)

All proceeds from the sale of *The Color of Freedom* will go toward this end. Contributions are gratefully received, either through my website (as above), or just call us with a credit card at 360 352-0506. Checks over \$500 should go to The Gandhian Foundation, George Willoughby, 340 Pine Avenue, Deptford, NJ 08096.



S. Jagannathan and Krishnammal Jagannathan—Photo by Author

"When your neighbor's house is on fire, you have two choices: you can either run away from it or towards it. You are entitled to run away from it, but if you do that too often, you will eventually find yourself without any neighbors. And you will be lonely, until your house is consumed as well."

The housebuilding program run by LAFTI ("Land for the Tillers Freedom," an organization started by my Indian parents) is one of Olympia Friends Meeting's Right Sharing projects.

We arrived in India on December 30, 2004. Here are some excerpts from our web log (for full text, see shantinik.blogspot.com):

Not good news in my mother's [Krishammal's] district (Nagai)—

apparently it and the neighboring coastal area of Cuddalore were the hardest hit.

But there are always signs and signals of how tragedy can sometimes bring out the best in the human condition. This is what should have been on CNN and wasn't! The five coastal villages of Cuddalore were entirely wiped out. In the center is Cuddalore town. The fish market was destroyed, and no one really has any idea of the death toll. Most of

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the fisher folk are Hindu and Christian (many of them of low-caste origin). Christians converted in the 19th century in an attempt to escape discrimination.

The town merchants were much less affected by the wave. Most of them, however, are Muslim, many of whom send their sons and daughters to work or trade in the Gulf countries. Within minutes (10 a.m. on a Sunday morning), the local imam and the head of the local Muslim religious association called out the entire Muslim religious community. They started rushing folks to hospitals in vans, cars, mopeds, and bicycles. By noon, the mosque had organized milk for a few hundred babies, and food for over 3,000 survivors. By evening, the 3,000 Muslim men of the town were tending to over 10,000 Hindus and 3,000 Christians in makeshift camps. For the last three days, the mosque has employed 24 cooks to feed the survivors. The local government has come up with rice and milk, but the Muslim religious association buys vegetables and everything else on its own, even preparing strictly vegetarian meals for the orthodox Hindus (most folks in this area, however, are fish eaters.)

The Muslim Association has even taken upon themselves what would normally be considered unthinkable among many Muslims. They are carrying the bodies themselves to their last rest. To the largest extent possible, they are ensuring that the Hindus are cremated, and the Christians buried, with crosses on every grave. The head of the Muslim Association has said he has not slept in days, but vows to continue caring for and feeding the Christian and Hindu members of their community for as long as it takes. And where necessary, and where there are no surviving relatives,

they have vowed to take in infants and children of the community, raising them in the religion in which they were born.

THIS is the India I know and have come to love, and always have.

Tsunami relief brings into strong "relief" the fissures and fault lines in both local and global social orders. On the global scale, the international relief agencies claim for themselves the right to go virtually wherever they wish, set up camps where they like, dole out aid as they decide, and, in some cases, feed the adoption mills of the West. The Indian



Nagapattinam fish market, where 4,000 people vanished in the Great Wave

government agencies are thankful for the assistance, but they openly wonder what would happen if they acted similarly when there are earthquakes in, say, the United States. Could Indian adoption agencies send their agents to Santa Cruz, California, to arrange the adoption of migrant Hispanic laborers hit hard in the earthquake of 1989? How would they be received if an Indian aid agency sent over a plane load filled with *chappatis* and *sambar*, and hired trucks to distribute them? Or dropped *saris* or cookware by the side of the road without talking with anyone they expected to receive them?

Then there is the fissure between the rich and the poor. Who gets the assistance—the owner of the house, or the tenants? What happens in the case where the owner occupies the house with five other tenant families? And what about food? Some of the poor residents of the temporary shelters in Chennai were quoted in the paper as saying they had never eaten so well in their lives, so well in fact that it was playing havoc with their digestive tracts, and physicians had to be called in. Was the tsunami the answer to their prayers for something to eat? Or was it to receive a set of old encyclopedias, published in English, as was found in one relief bundle?

What is the proper role of insurance? You can insure a fishing boat, or a prawn farm, or beachfront hotel, but what about a mud hut, or income generated by small-scale tidal fishing, or basket-weaving based on a continuing supply of marsh weeds?

Questions such as these filled my mind as Aliyah and I toured this area, where life before the tsunami hit was pretty devastating to the poor. As one aid worker put it, "I

came here to find out what could be done to aid in the tsunami relief, and now I see there is a tsunami in this area all the time."

I explained to him in detail how thin the lines actually are between tsunami victims, flood victims, and the prawn farm victims (the victims of "free trade"). Those interested in finding out more about this problem should read *The Color of Freedom!*

An Army of Compassion

Just some odd assorted factoids:

- The US or Italian market price of

39 kilograms of tiger prawns from the illegal prawn farms in Tamil Nadu could build an excellent permanent house for a family in LAFTI's housebuilding program.

- The salary and benefits paid per year to the two highest officials of the American Red Cross could fund all of LAFTI's current operations for the rest of my natural life.

- The cost of a single series of Superbowl ads, including production, etc., could fund LAFTI's operations virtually in perpetuity.

- The cost of a single US postage stamp could feed an entire family in the flood-affected areas of Tamil Nadu for a day.

After we'd spent three weeks getting acquainted with the needs of local people and how they are organizing their own relief efforts with our help, Krishnammal asked me to address the first 200 enlistees in her "Army of Compassion."

Believe it or not, I struggled about what to wear. I was dressed as a Tamil, complete in white *dhotti*, and [my Indian father] Appa's shirt. I was very, very comfortable in it. But the all-white getup, and the way I wore it, would have immediately marked me as a Gandhian, which I didn't mind, or as a high-caste Brahmin, which I did, as my audience will be all *dalits* [so-called "Untouchables"]. They have enough difficulty making sense of this strange American (so do I, when I can't avoid thinking about it, so I usually dodge the identity crisis when I can help it.) If I were to wear a colored *lungi* and a polyester shirt (neither of which I have with me), I would fit in with the *dalit* landless laborers, but that would be even more of a fiction. I could compromise, and keep

the shirt, but put on a pair of trousers. Aliyah's immediate response was to keep the *dhotti*, though she had difficulty expressing exactly why. "Definitely keep the shirt," she said. I decided to raise the difficulty as part of my speech.

The meeting went well. There were about 175 volunteers, representing as many as 40 villages, some ravished by floods, others by the tsunami, and still others being destroyed slowly from the seepage from the now-ruined prawn

gave my speech, beginning with the difficulties of my clothing choices (I went with the shirt and *dhotti*), my scolding of Amma for not teaching me proper Tamil, and how I discovered I was a Tamil 27 years ago, just one who happened to be born in America. (Applause line.) I related the tale of how I first met Amma and Appa, and why my nickname is "rice-and-rasam man", and how Aliyah met Appa for the first time when she was three, and he was in the Madras City Jail.

And then I launched into my main theme (prompted by Krishnammal) about how no one can give another social justice—you have to take it...

It's probably a bigger difficulty for me than it is likely to be for anyone else. After all, in this, by far the largest Hindu-majority country in the world, the Prime Minister is a mild-mannered and very gentle Sikh economist, complete with



The Village of Aarthur: They've made their own bricks, and this month will build their own homes (with our help)

farms. First there were songs—new ones about the tsunami, older ones about the plight of the landless. These were accompanied by a *tavil*, a large two-headed drum, played with a stick and two fingers on one side, and on the other with five fingers with what appeared to be thick porcelain rings upon them (I imagine these were originally made of rhinoceros horn). There was also a clarinet, very old, with a sticker of Jesus with an open heart on the bell. Between sets, the clarinetist, with the assistance of the *tavil* player, applied a thick coat of glue to the reed—I wouldn't be surprised to learn that he had been using the same reed for a decade. Appa gave a speech on how the villages must all take a vow to work together through thick and thin. I

turban and ritual knife, the President is a very mild-mannered Muslim scientist, and the head of the ruling party is an Italian who studiously dresses in such a way so as to emulate her dead mother-in-law, Indira Gandhi (who, it should be emphasized, was not in the least way related to either the Gandhi who is the father of the nation, or the Gandhi who is Krishnammal's administrative secretary and nephew—at whose house we had dinner two nights ago.)

Again, I wish to express thanks for the outpouring of support from the storytellers' group in Arizona that is planning a benefit storytelling event, to the folks throwing a "Friends of LAFTI Tsunami Relief Benefit Party" in Kobe, Japan. My holding out my hand has

resulted in at least two inquiries from film journalists—nothing firm yet, so the hand is still extended, and plans for visits from two people on whom I am depending to maintain communications—one an Italian-English translator from Florence, the other a retired Iranian public health professor from London (who has started the barebones of a LAFTI website—www.lafti.net). We have new relief teams from Karnataka, a Danish SERVAS visitor, friends from ASHA—a service group of Indian students in the United States who are particularly concerned about the psychological needs of children—and members of a *dalit* improvement working group, who have just awarded Krishnammal their highest award, named for a female folk goddess who fights for social justice against the higher castes. This is all going on under one roof in Krishnammal's Kremlin!

We still need more (sigh!). LAFTI's total fund-raising during the tsunami period has likely been under \$60,000 US, less than the cost of the bread which I found out was flown in on a jet and is rotting in the Chennai Airport, or the massive (and unconscionable) administrative overhead of most of the international aid agencies (many of which, it should be acknowledged, did excellent work under difficult conditions.) But for the people who live here, which I hope past blogs have helped to explain, the tsunami is an everyday occurrence, and lives in empty bellies and in cycles of hopelessness. South Indians on the whole are an extremely gentle people, easily touched by the cry of a child, or even the wounding of a baby goat by a passing vehicle. But they are slow to respond to the grinding poverty at the bottom of the multinational food chain, even as other Indians, as well as foreign investors, profit greatly at their expense. They are appalled by the poisoning of individuals drinking methanol-adulterated illicit liquor, but slower to respond to the slurry of chemical waste and destruction of the water table at local Coca Cola bottling operations.

Still, Krishnammal's army will march. She is pleased that I continue to

encourage her, even though as Appa justly notes, the needed resources haven't arrived—YET! I joke with Gandhi (the nephew, rather than the founder of the nation) that if it doesn't work, he'll end up unemployed. He smiles. He knows Amma, and things have their way of working out.

And I told Amma my dream—the army of 1,001 volunteers turns into 5,001, and the mud huts really begin to disappear. She smiles. "Nothing is impossible," she reminds us.

That evening, we take a tearful farewell, with Aliyah promising to return this summer. There is more work for her to do, and I exact a promise from

Krishnammal that she will teach Aliyah proper Tamil! When we get off the overnight train in Chengelpet, who should we find but one of LAFTI's drivers, Muttukumar? It turns out that Krishnammal has been stockpiling relief supplies—mostly food and medicine, but also more cloth for petticoats—at 12 different locations in the Madras area, and Muttukumar has been gathering them up to ship to Kuthur, on the theory that when the relief agencies are gone, and the government loses interest (one already senses some of this in the newspaper), the people will still have access to what they need.

We need to make sure that after all the hoopla dies down, we don't forget about the people of this region. □

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE (AFSC) IS ACCEPTING FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO ASSIST VICTIMS OF THE TSUNAMI (tidal wave) resulting from the earthquake along the coastal line in south Asia on Dec. 26, 2004. The United Nations reports that Indonesia and Sri Lanka experienced the greatest number of deaths, and that the humanitarian effort will be the largest undertaken in its history. AFSC is providing an initial grant for immediate relief in Indonesia from its Crisis Fund. The funds will be shared between Mennonite Central Committee (MCC), which is another international faith-based organization with staff on the ground, and the Society for Health, Education and Environment for Peace, (SHEEP) a local Indonesian organization. The grant to SHEEP will support sending a team of 40 medical doctors to the Aceh region to join or relieve 75 current doctors. Contributions marked AFSC/Crisis Fund can be sent to AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE/INTERMOUNTAIN YEARLY MEETING JOINT SERVICE PROJECT

EL CORDON, MEXICO: MARCH 20 - MARCH 26, 2005. We will continue preparing for construction of a water reservoir in this small village in the Sierra Madres along the border between the states of Sonora and Chihuahua; within sight of the Continental Divide. Tons of rocks need to be gathered from the fields and stacked near the site to be used in the cement mix during construction.

EL DESEMBOQUE, MEXICO: APRIL 24-30, 2005. We will continue our work with a Comca'ac cooperative, gathering plants to prepare traditional foods. April is known as the month when eelgrass, the sea weed that provides a seed for the people, releases from the sea floor and floats to the shore on the tides. We will help gather it and put it out to dry. We will also harvest other plants as they ripen.

Because the best harvest time is hard to predict and the season lasts for a few weeks, these dates are somewhat flexible and could be adjusted to your best time to travel. Contact me if you are interested in participating this spring on a project with the Comca'ac.

Cost: \$375 each week. Both projects will begin and end in Tucson, Arizona. Fee covers all expenses while on the project. Participants are responsible for their own transportation to and from Tucson. Contact Mike Gray, coordinator, 2852 W. Gamez Road, Benson, AZ 85602. Phone 520-907-6321 or e-mail mgray@afsc.org.

Nurturing the Meeting for Worship: Reflections from a Quaker Center Workshop

A summary edited
by Cathy Walling
Fairbanks, Alaska

To Friends Everywhere,

Friends from PYM and Alaska Friends Conference gathered the weekend of September 17-19, 2004 at Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, CA. Elaine Emily led us in a workshop called "Nurturing the Monthly Meeting." Gordon Bishop tended her faithfully and sensitively as her elder.

Here in the beauty of the redwoods, our opening exercise Friday evening was to reflect on someone who is currently deeply influencing our spiritual journey. As we shared, this exercise offered us an opportunity to begin to know each other and to experience the gifts our spiritual mentors have proffered. In reflecting, we realized the presence of the eldering function in our midst.

Saturday morning we gathered first in worship. Then Elaine spoke to us of the importance of spiritual homework on the physical, emotional, psychological, and intellectual levels that needs to occur simultaneously both individually and within the community. She provided an outline of important aspects of nurturing meeting. Included in this were prayer, recognizing and naming gifts, discernment, voicing hard truths, accountability, and listening ministry. Rebuking was something named, but we were advised should only be 2% of the eldering function and firmly grounded in love. Muriel Bishop Summers' quote, "Truth without love is violence. Love without truth is sentimentality" serves as a beacon of its right use. We recognize this list describes important aspects of the eldering function.

Continued on page 8



Gordon Bishop (elder), Cathy Walling, Elaine Emily (presenter) and Laura Magnani

An Epistle on Meeting for Worship written by one small group Sunday morning

Dear Friends,

We would like to share our tender learnings from the weekend retreat at Quaker Center: "Nurturing the Meeting for Worship." The center of any Quaker community is the sense of deep unity and prayer in the Meeting for Worship. Here are some of the learning and advices that we have received from our teachers here at Quaker Center and from the Spirit this weekend.

When preparing for worship, intend simply to hold yourself open to Spirit. Let yourself feel the love of the Divine pouring into you, and allow yourself to become a vessel for this love. As you consider others in your Meeting, feel that you are inviting the Light of the Divine also to shine upon them, and to shine upon them through you. In silence, in listening, and in speaking, this holding of all you meet in the Light is a form of unceasing prayer. This is the prayer that helps to gather the Meeting for Worship, this is the prayer that brings the gentling of the Spirit, this is the prayer that enables us to call out the gifts of the Spirit in ourselves and in others. Listen tenderly at all times, waiting and watching expectantly for the Spirit as it moves in the lives and words of each person in the Meeting.

Attend to the Spirit in nurturing others in the Meeting. If you become aware that a Friend is in need of counsel, or is not moving in accord with the Spirit, do not be afraid to speak to difficult truths, but wait for an opening or seek counsel yourself, and be sure that you are guided by the wisdom of Love when speaking difficult words.

These are advices which we intend to hold close to our hearts, and which we believe will help us to stay close to the Spirit and to contribute to building a stronger spiritual life in ourselves and in our Meetings. We offer these advices to you also in the spirit of friendship and humility.

Sincerely, Quaker Center Retreatants

After lunch and free time to nurture our spirits as we wished, we assembled to experience four flavors of prayer:

1. In pairs, we practiced and shared our experience of holding and being held in the Light.

2. Again in pairs, we practiced discernment in offering help to do a challenging yoga pose (tree) without using words.

3. In groups of five, we gathered for a 15 minute exercise holding our group in the light with reflection following.

4. In three's we experienced a positive feedback exercise in which we rotated the roles of speaker, listener, and observer. The speaker took the opportunity to explore an area in which he or she felt was spiritually blocked in their life.

In each of these exercises Elaine emphasized the importance of *attention* and *intention*.

Our dinner meal presented another opportunity to work together, under the talented chef Todd Nysether, to help prepare, serve, take care of the kitchen and dining room, and to enjoy another delicious and nutritious meal. We gathered later to address questions that had arisen during our day together and ended our evening group time with joyous chanting led by Traci Hjelt Sullivan.

Sunday morning we received rich ministry about knowing our own and our meeting's recognition of our gifts ... Know this! There are seeds that have been planted deep in our souls by the Spirit; the germination time varies and we may have a sense of these gifts

long before they are ripe. Our task is to stay faithful to the tending and nurture of those seeds, to keep listening to the nudges of Spirit and counsel of Friends, and to develop the container that can help them grow.

To assist us in bringing back the fullness of the weekend, our closing exercise was to craft either queries, advices or an epistle describing the spiritual riches of our gathered time. Finally, after sharing one last meal and communal clean up of the facility, we assembled for our closing Meeting for Worship. Deeply gathered in worship, we received rich ministry. Faithfulness to these matters of Spirit is what we are most called to, and it is in this Spirit of Faithfulness that we share the fruits of our time together with you. □

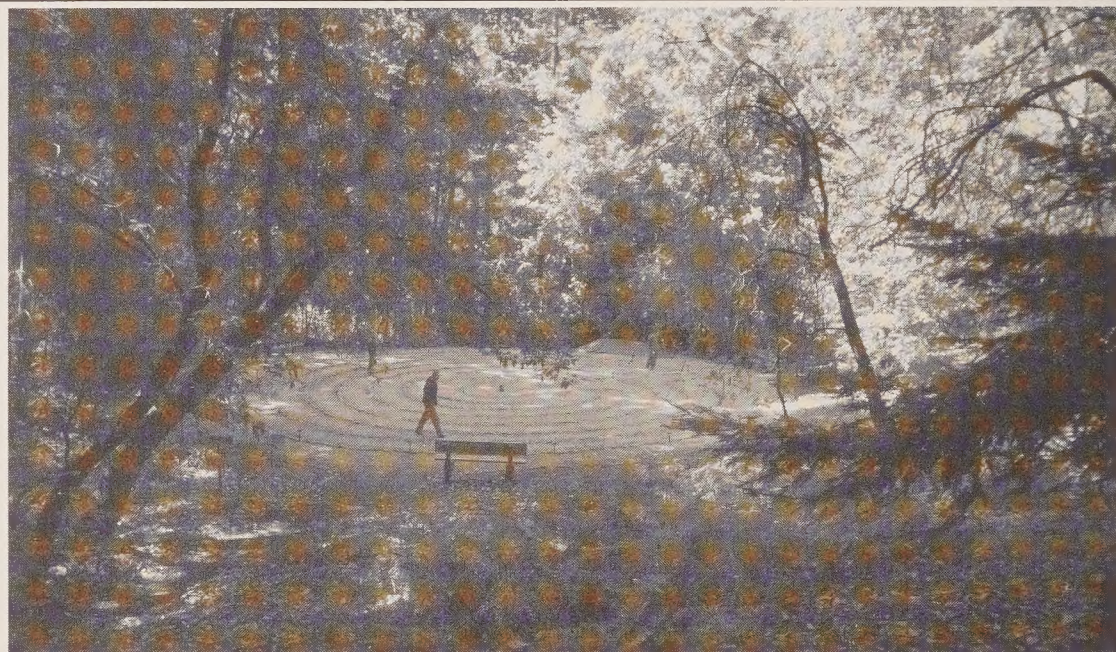
Way of the Labyrinth Opens at Ben Lomond Quaker Center

On Saturday, October 2nd, 2004, members of the community dedicated the permanent installation of an outdoor labyrinth at the Ben Lomond Quaker Center.

Located in a secluded clearing in the Santa Cruz mountains, the Quaker Center labyrinth is about 50 feet in diameter and contains seven cycles. Laid out upon a foundation of local mountain granite from the Santa Cruz quarry, the paths are lined with smooth river rock.

The labyrinth is available around the clock to all Quaker Center users. Members of the general public who would like to visit and walk the labyrinth are asked to call the Quaker Center office (831-336-8333) to insure that they will not be disturbing groups who are already on the property.

The labyrinth is an ancient pattern found in various forms throughout the world. Labyrinths continue to fascinate humankind—as pathways to spiritual growth and expanded ways of knowing.



Labyrinths can be used as a spiritual practice for reflection upon one's life, for seeking direction or comfort, or for celebrating joy.

The use of a labyrinth was first brought to Quaker Center by Tom Davis, a retired accountant, certified spiritual director, and member of the Santa Cruz Friends Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). In a weekend workshop in the fall of 2000, Tom laid out a temporary labyrinth out of yellow nylon rope and metal stakes. It took him about two hours.

Over the next year, Quaker Center and other groups using the facility asked Tom to revive the temporary labyrinth for

other workshops. After installing the temporary labyrinth by hand a number of times, Tom began the quest to bring a permanent outdoor labyrinth to Quaker Center. Money was raised, a site and design were developed, and construction started in the spring of 2002.

The public dedication ceremony took place as one part of a weekend workshop, "Treading the Pilgrim's Way."

For more information, contact Walter Hjelt Sullivan, Ben Lomond Quaker Center, PO Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005. Voice phone: 831-336-8333. Fax: 831-336-0218. E-mail: mail@quakercenter.org. Website: <http://www.quakercenter.org>.

Letter Home from Quaker Center, Ben Lomond, CA

by Eva Miller
Orange Grove Meeting, Pasadena CA



I have been the Intern at Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, CA, for about four months now. As the 2004-2005 Intern for Quaker Center, I will be here until next August. Moving to Northern California has been an adjustment for this Southern California native, but I am enjoying it very much here. The Quaker Center is located in the mountains about 20 minutes from Santa Cruz. It is an 80-acre property covered with redwoods. It is a really beautiful place with lots of wildlife. Most evenings and early mornings we see deer. If you leave anything around that smells like food (like a sealed bag of cat food on my screen porch), you will have a visit from the neighborhood raccoons in the night. I work with a great group of people and the tasks are varied and interesting.

The Quaker Center is an amazing operation. There are two facilities on the property which are used for retreats. Each can sleep between 25 and 30 people.

Some groups who come to Quaker Center are large enough to rent both together. The facilities are rented primarily to non-profit groups and churches. Quaker Center gives priority and discounted fees to organizations working with disadvantaged populations and youth.

Quaker Center runs about 15 Quaker Retreats per year, including Summer Camp for high school and middle school kids. The other retreats are on various topics of interest to Quakers, mainly in the area of spirituality. On March 26-27, a prominent and gifted British Quaker speaker and author named David Boulton will lead a workshop called "The Future of Our Past." It will take a fresh look at the beginnings of Quakerism and will try to distinguish what belonged to its own time and what is relevant today and tomorrow.

These weekends are very reasonably priced and there is a sliding scale and scholarships available so that anyone who wants to come is welcome. A weekend at the Quaker Center, which includes six delicious vegetarian meals, accommodations and the program, costs from \$110 to \$200. I feel really good about helping to provide this kind of support for Quakers' spiritual growth and hope to see many of my friends here. You can see the entire Quaker Center 2005 Schedule of Retreats on www.quakercenter.org.

I have been to Meeting in Santa Cruz several times and it is a large and vibrant Meeting. I am getting to know more people there. However, I sure miss home and Orange Grove Meeting. I hope to see you up here at Quaker Center some time soon! □

**RESIDENTIAL INTERNSHIP IN
NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION AT
BEN LOMOND QUAKER CENTER,**
a retreat and conference center near Santa Cruz, California. One year beginning August. Great opportunity to grow spiritually and work in all areas of this Quaker non-profit. Mountains, redwoods, housing, stipend, and benefits provided. Application deadline: April 1.

What Do Quakers Believe?

by Janet Leslie
Chico (CA) Meeting

This is a question that Friends often find they need to try to answer for those unfamiliar with Quakerism. What follows here is Janet Leslie's personal answer to that query. We hope that other Friends will feel led to share their understanding of the Quaker faith on the pages of our magazine.

"What do Quakers believe?" The questioner waits for the answer. I used to respond with a list that included belief that God is accessible to each person without priest, scripture or liturgy; that we can know God's will; that our way of worship and decision-making helps us

live in accord with that will; and so on. I always felt unsettled, though, boxed in by the form of the question, which needed to be answered, but which always seemed like the wrong question. And my list, while perhaps correct, was beside the point, and usually too long anyway.

A week ago, I was reading in our book of *Faith and Practice* about living our faith, and something William Penn wrote over three hundred years ago stuck in my mind and prodded me all during worship that morning:

It is not opinion or speculation, or notions of what is true, or assent to or the subscription of articles and propositions, though never so soundly worded, that... makes a man a true believer or true Christian. But



"Life is a big crowded restaurant full of the clatter of dishes and silverware, loud talk and music. I'm waiting on God, who speaks with a heavy accent, or maybe in a language I don't know very well."

it is a conformity of mind and practice to the will of God. . .”

I said it over and over again. “. . . not opinion or speculation, or notions of what is true. . .” So how do we know the will of God? And how can we conform our “mind and practice” to it?

I’m convinced that the early Quakers had it right when they made their outrageous claim that we—ordinary people—can hear God’s voice and know God’s will. Fox and Penn and the others passionately believed many things (and had many opinions), but instead of laying down creeds or articles of faith, they developed a way of worship and decision-making that continually, repeatedly, practices openness to God.

“*What do Quakers believe?*” Now my answer goes something like this: “Quakers believe that if we sit quietly together we can hear God in our hearts and through

others’ words, and we can help each other understand how to do God’s will.”

It seems to me that our fundamental belief is that we have found a way of worship which allows God to teach and transform us, each of us and all of us together.

An image which is particularly powerful for me is that of “waiting on God like a waiter.” I have some hearing loss, and I’d make a very bad waiter. So, here’s my picture:

Life is a big crowded restaurant full of the clatter of dishes and silverware, loud talk and music. I’m waiting on God, who speaks with a heavy accent, or maybe in a language I don’t know very well. I’m not getting half of it. “What? What did you say? You want what?”

I’ve found some things that help: paying attention, turning down the music, making environmental changes to muffle the background noise,

hanging around people who speak with that accent, trying to learn the language better. But it’s the other waiters who help most: “This is what I’m hearing, here’s what I think it means. . .” And the notes on the walls or refrigerator about the regular orders, stuck up there by people today or long ago—those help too.

What a gift those early Friends gave us, this “waiting worship,” where we wait on God together. And as they experimented with this way of worship, they, and later Friends, developed the practice of “Advices and Queries”; ways to test leadings and come to clearness; testimonies expressing their experience of God’s truth, written records of what happened to them and what they were empowered to do. And this is our ongoing experiment, this amazing way of worship which can open us to the transforming power of God. □

Jailed for Protesting America’s School for Torturers and Assassins:

Peg Morton Reflects on Her Prison Experience

Peg Morton, a Friend, was released on July 2, 2004, from Federal Prison Camp Dublin, east of Oakland in California, after serving a 90-day sentence for protesting at the School of the Americas, now the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation. Founded soon after World War II, this school provides military training for officers and soldiers from most of the countries of Latin America. Well-respected sources (United Nations, Amnesty International, Americas Watch), document that dictators, generals and other graduates of the school have been involved in massacres, torture, and disappearances, throughout Latin America. For the story of Peg’s witness, see “Jailed For Justice” (Friends Bulletin, April 2004).

Twenty-seven of us trespassed onto Fort Benning property in Georgia in November, 2003, as part of the huge nonviolent movement to close the SOA/

WHISC. Most of us served three to six months in federal prison camps scattered around the country. Over 190 people have now served time in prison for crossing the line at Fort Benning over a period of about 14 years.

I am absolutely certain that this civil disobedience is effective. I have received an unbelievable amount of support from friends, community members, family and others from around the country, and there has been extensive media coverage. When one combines my experience with that of 190 others, one can multiply the influence. This is true, I believe, even though there is very little coverage in the national media. And, of



Peg (center) with daughter Ally (right) and granddaughter Do Mi (left) at Camp Dublin

course, our actions are part of a movement of thousands to close the school. These committed activists come to massive annual demonstrations, both at Fort Benning and in Washington, DC. They lobby, write, engage in spiritual fasting, and carry out a rich variety of actions regionally and locally.

The sad fact is that despite this ever-widening grassroots movement, the school is still open. We are up against a huge military-corporate-political monster. The SOA/WHISC is a small but significant part of the widespread United States military training of foreign military in many parts of the world. Because it's the most well-known and researched, it's crucial that we get this school closed. If it isn't, it becomes a message to our military establishment that they will not be prevented from doing anything they want. Yet I am not discouraged. We have a major nonviolent grassroots movement, and many within it have been and will be ready to take risks. We are strong. And this movement is building a nonviolent force, a nonviolent network, that goes way beyond its particular goals of closing the school.

What is a prison camp like?

There were about 250 women incarcerated in our prison, none of whom had committed violent crimes. There were no cells or barbed wire fences or clanging metal doors. We were not locked in. Our prison, along with three other much larger facilities, is on an army base, Camp Parks, and the buildings are rather dilapidated barracks. Most inmates lived in rooms of four, each with a window, bunk beds, cabinets, a table and chairs. For the first several months after admission, however, inmates, including myself, are crowded into smaller spaces that open onto each other. My "pod" had eight of us, and there were over 40 living on the same floor together.

We ate cafeteria style, waiting in line. We had work assignments of up to seven hours five days a week, kitchen, cleaning, landscaping, maintenance, welding, warehouse, the garage, the prison factory. Some worked on the army base. Some of the work was back-breaking. However, I was on a team that cleaned our bathroom, working up to two hours a day. I earned \$.12 an hour, for what was called a seven-hour day (\$.84 a day). There are pay raises and bonuses, but pay is pitiful. For most, part goes to pay off fines, part to your very necessary commissary account. Women without outside resources have great

difficulty in getting their physical needs met.

Classes were required of many—GED, ESL, drug rehabilitation. There were no college courses and very few other options. There were also psychological services. Free time could be spent walking the track, working out on old but usable equipment, smoking and chatting in the little grassy park, crocheting and making pottery, (if you had the money to buy the supplies), Bible study and worship of all kinds, and of course, reading, writing letters, playing cards and napping. Some received visits on weekends, and there was the daily mail call.

"Counts" interspersed the days and the nights. At 4:00 pm, we stood in rows by our beds to be counted by two serious guards; at 10:00 pm, 12:00 midnight, 3:00 and 5:00 am, guards tramped through, flashlights in hand. Up by 6:00 am, we were off to breakfast.

Living with a huge diversity of women in close quarters was both a challenge and an inspiration. I wrote the following poem:

Inside Prison Camp Dublin

There is pain here, and laughter
There is beauty, and there are fights,
Loneliness and friendship,
Hidden tears and joy.
There is wisdom.
If we can live here, behind invisible bars,
Black, White and tan, Guam,
Philippines, Taiwan, Vietnam, Native
American, Hawaiian, Alaskan,
Catholic, Protestant, Evangelical
Christian, Jew, Moslem, Mormon,
Quaker, Buddhist,
Nothing, seeking,
In for drugs, fraud, protest,
Nothing, framed.
If we can live together here in peace,
Work, eat, sleep, argue, play and pray,
Two hundred and fifty,
If we can live together here in peace,
Then maybe there is hope for the world.

What did I learn? I increased my love for the diversity of people contained in my beloved, sick country. There is so much possibility in our diversity! Intense

and difficult as my experience was in some ways, it was also a time totally away from my usual daily life. I joined many other inmates who used this time for deep reflection and prayer, who sought to use the time to transform their lives. I am known as a busy person. The message coming from deep within me was to slow down, to let the adrenaline energy drain away, to allow space for the Spirit to seep in, to listen to the messages, the leadings which will come, to learn to respond to life more from my heart.

As I learned the stories of many of these women, my awareness of the effects of the US system of justice became more personal. Since the early '80's, our system has become increasingly punitive and politicized. "Tough on crime," "war on drugs," "three strikes, you're out," and now "war on terrorism" laws are dumping more and more people in prison for longer sentences. There are now two and possibly three million in our jails and prisons. The power of prosecutors has increased, while the authority of judges to use their discretion has been vastly decreased.

I have known women inside Prison Camp Dublin who are imprisoned for years for marijuana charges. I have known women who I absolutely believe were framed in the plea-bargaining process and have actually committed no crime at all. I have known many women who indeed were guilty as charged, but who, it seems to me, are serving excessively long sentences. The pain of women separated from infants and children was palpable. Education and training opportunities were inadequate.

There is a growing movement around the country for reform of the US system of "justice." It is not possible to discuss specific reforms and legislation here. For more information, you can look for FAMM (Families Against Mandatory Minimums), www.famm.org, the Western Prison Project, based in Portland, www.westernprisonproject.org, and the Interfaith Drug Policy Initiative, at www.idpi.us. The excellent May/June, 2004 issue of *Fellowship*, the magazine of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, is devoted to the theme of restorative justice. □

PRISON ABUSE IN IRAQ: JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG

by Peg Morton
Eugene (OR) Meeting



[Published originally in the Register Guard, Eugene, Oregon, June 10, 2004, and based on an SOA Watch press release.]

I was not surprised by the torture atrocities by US soldiers in the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq and at the Guantanamo military base in Cuba.

I have traveled to Guatemala many times to be with returning refugees, the survivors of massacres and torture. I was in Guatemala in November of 1989 when Sister Diana Ortiz, a nun from the United States, was seized and subjected to unbelievable torture there. I was also there when, that same month, five Jesuit priests were massacred in El Salvador.

I have read documentation of CIA and Pentagon training, as well as of training in what was formerly the Army School of the Americas, now the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation. The United States government has provided training and encouragement in these tactics.

The torture of Iraqi detainees held at the Abu Ghraib military prison near Baghdad is part of a larger pattern of abuse and torture at the hands of US soldiers, US-trained soldiers, independent contractors and intelligence agents around the world. In fact, US intelligence

manuals advocating torture techniques and describing how to circumvent laws on due process, arrest and detention were used for at least a decade to train Latin American soldiers at the School of the Americas.

"We see a consistent pattern of the Pentagon claiming to work for democracy," says Father Roy Bourgeois, founder of SOA Watch, "while in their prisons and training

"The torture of Iraqi detainees held at the Abu Ghraib military prison near Baghdad is part of a larger pattern of abuse and torture at the hands of US soldiers, US-trained soldiers, independent contractors and intelligence agents around the world..."

centers, reports of torture and human rights abuses continue to surface."

More than 64,000 Latin American soldiers have been trained in combat skills and psychological warfare at the School of the Americas. Graduates are consistently involved in human rights abuses and atrocities.

In 1996, the Pentagon, under intense public pressure, released the classified training manuals used at the School of the Americas. The Washington Post, in a story headlined "US Instructed Latins in Executions, Torture," reported on September 21, 1996, that the manuals

promoted executions, torture, blackmail and other forms of coercion.

The manuals recommended the imprisonment of family members of those who support "union organizing or recruiting," those who "distribute propaganda in favor of the interest of workers," those who "sympathize with demonstrations or strikes," and those who make "accusations that the gov-

ernment has failed to meet the basic needs of the people." The training manuals are available on the SOA Watch website.

"Why the great surprise over Abu Ghraib?" asked Jennifer Harbury, a human rights lawyer whose husband, Efrain Bamaca Velasquez, was tortured for two years

and then was either dismembered or thrown from a helicopter by Guatemalan military officials receiving generous CIA payments. "This has been standard operating procedure for years."

The Pentagon continues to distance itself from the abuses. "As in Latin America, officials claim the soldiers involved in torture in Iraq are 'just a few bad apples,'" Father Bourgeois continued, "but as instances of human rights violations continue to grow around the world, a much larger picture of systematic abuse becomes clear." □

Interfaith Community Supports Muslim Detainees

by Anthony Manousos
Santa Monica (CA) Friends Meeting

In July 2004 Abdul Jabbar Hamdan, 44, a legal resident in the US and the father of six US-born children, was arrested in the middle of the night by the INS and taken to the Immigration Control Enforcement Center (ICE) in San Pedro, California.

His alleged crime? A minor immigration violation going back to his student days in 1983.

"This is a man who has been in the United States for 24 years," said his daughter, Yaman Hamdan, 20, a prelaw student at Chapman University. "He's never even had a parking violation. Yet they take him away from his family and kids. Where's the justice in that?"

Since September 11, 2001, thousands of Muslims have been detained or deported for such flimsy or non-existent reasons. Many other Muslims have been harassed at airports for the "crime" of "flying while Muslim."

Claire Gorfinkel (Orange Grove Meeting, Pasadena, CA) and Bobbi Kendig (Marloma/Long Beach Meeting) were among the fifty or so activists involved with Interfaith Communities United for Justice and Peace (ICUJP) who stood in solidarity with Muslims detained at the San Pedro ICE.

Standing in front of a statue commemorating the Japanese interned during World War II, religious leaders of various faith communities—Jewish, Muslim, and Christian—spoke about the need to respect the Bill of Rights and protect those unjustly detained or harassed because of their religious or ethnic background.

The Hamdan case is being appealed. Hamdan's attorney, Al-Wardi, said that her client was arrested because he worked as a fund-raiser for the Holy Land Foundation, which allegedly had ties to Hamas, a Palestinian group considered to be "terrorist." Hamdan says that he was raising funds for Palestinian orphans.

Those who wish to find out more and/or support Hamdan can sign a petition at <http://www.petitiononline.com/Hamdan/petition.html>.

Friends concerned about the treatment of Muslims should get in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), Friends Committee for National Legislation (FCNL), or Muslim lobbying groups such as Council on American Islamic Relations (CAIR) or MPAC (Muslim Public Affairs Council). It is also important for Friends to get involved with and support local interfaith organizations such as ICUJP. □



*Claire Gorfinkel, Orange Grove (CA) Meeting Friend
with a statue commemorating Japanese Americans interned during WW II*

"First they came for the Communists. but I was not a Communist—so I said nothing. Then they came for the Social Democrats, but I was not a Social Democrat—so I did nothing. Then they came the trade unionists, but I was not a trade unionist. And then they came for the Jews, but I was not a Jew—so I did little. Then when they came for me, there was no one left who could stand up for me."

—Martin Niemöller, Protestant pastor, one of the pillars of moral resistance to the Nazis, who imprisoned him for four years in solitary confinement.



*Yaman Hamdan, daughter of detainee Abdul Jabbar Hamdan, and
Bobbi Kendig of Marloma/Long Beach Friends Meeting*

Poems of the Iraq Wars

by David Ray
Pima Meeting, Tucson, AZ

The Heart of Crowheart Butte

(for Jim Corbett)

Just before George Bush unleashed
the bombing attacks on Baghdad

called Shock and Awe, Saddam Hussein
was interviewed by Dan Rather on TV.

The Iraqi leader denied he had weapons
of mass destruction, and invited Americans

to come into Iraq and search even more
diligently. And then he challenged Bush

to a debate. It would be televised all
over the world. Man to man they would try

to work out some alternative to what
clearly was coming. All this was in vain

since evil Saddam could not be trusted,
and so forth. Nevertheless it turned out

that the tyrant was more truthful than Bush
and a great many lives could have been saved,

not to mention the rest of what has been
and is being destroyed. George Bush could

not be lured into debate, but when warriors
of the Shoshone and Crow tribes were formed

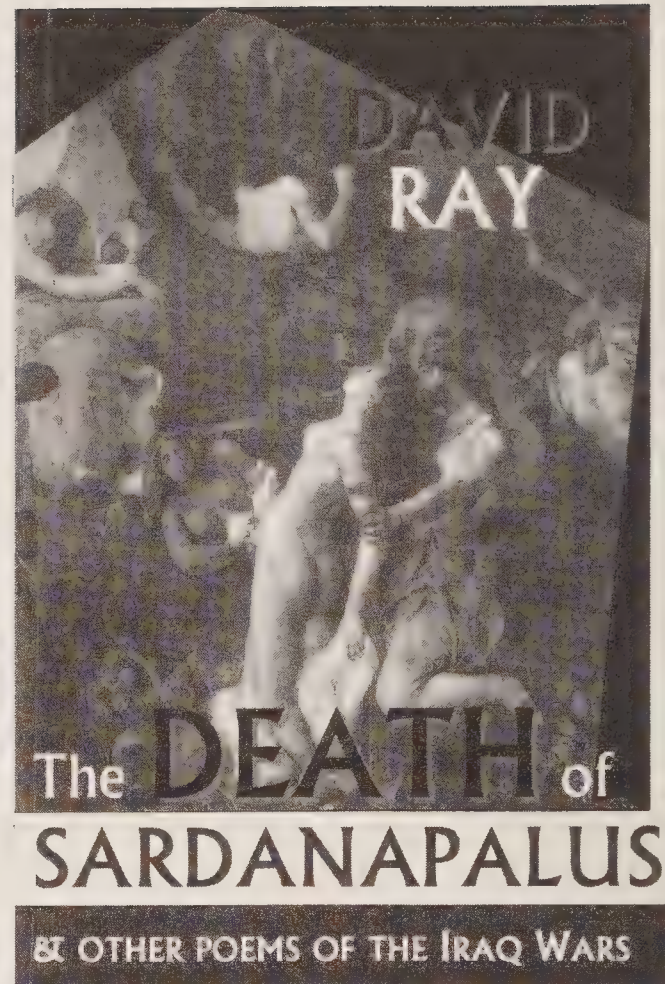
into battle lines Chief Washakie stepped forth
and raised his hands in a peace gesture.

"If we fight," he said, "many on both sides
will die. But if two chiefs fight only one

must die." On a high butte, to assure that no
warriors intervened, the two chiefs fought,

and then the victor ate the loser's heart.
Perhaps it matters little which tribe won,

for what is important is that only one warrior died
and only one heart was sacrificed to the madness. □



*Death of Sardanapalus can be ordered directly from
the publisher for \$19.95 post paid at Howling Dog
Press/Sardanapalus, PO Box 853, Berthoud, CO
80513-0853 or www.davidraypoet.com.*

For William Stafford,
Conscientious Objector

We've got another war this year,
and under this barter system

it may well come down to a barrel
of blood for each one of oil

to be shipped back for our engines.
When they sent you to a work camp

in the mountains a man who was there
for murder could not figure it out—

how you were treated just like him
because you would not do what he did.

Strange world, he decided. And you
yourself were amazed daily

as the breezes through the pines
confirmed your conviction

that to say no was the only true way
to say yes. □

The Hollow Men

sometimes remind me of children at play
who don't stop to think how they hurt others,

and besides, the hurting and killing is far away
and they never have to look at blood

and realize that it's red just like their own.
Children in such situations take one good look

at this evidence and run in the other direction,
vowing never again to play in such messy ways.

Thus children, it seems, are smarter than leaders,
for they change their behavior as soon as they see

that no one can win when playing such games.
But a leader deaf to all reason and immune

to compassion, who won't look at bodies
or coffins or go near a service for those

he has sent to their deaths, a man who orders
his people not to honor the fallen by speaking

their names or showing portraits from yearbooks
and albums, must be treated as if he is high

on a pedestal, a statue of bronze to be toppled
like any tyrant, and revealed to be equally hollow.

Why do we tolerate such hollow men and allow
them to govern our nations by whim? Is it because

we are too damned embarrassed to stand with a sign
insisting that one by one these hollow men resign? □

All poems © David Ray, The Death of Sardanapalus.

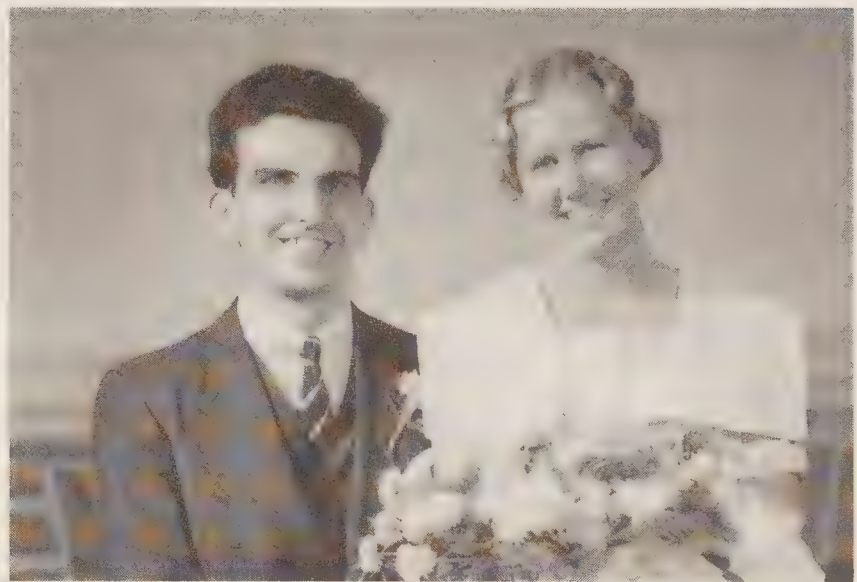
Correction: The picture of Jim Corbett and David Ray in FB (Dec 2004, p. 14) was taken by Judy Ray.

"Practicing the Love of God": Elise and Kenneth Boulding

In 1967 Kenneth and Elise Boulding, distinguished academics and Quaker peace activists, moved to Boulder, Colorado, where they became beloved members of Boulder Meeting. When Kenneth died in 1993, Elise moved to Massachusetts in order to be closer to her family. We are including some excerpts from Elise's recent holiday letter and other correspondence in which she discusses the recent publication of a Pendle Hill pamphlet based on her husband's 1942 William Penn Lecture, The Practice of the Love of God.—Editor*

These are sad and discouraging times that we live in, but as long as we are here, we humans have the capacity to envision, to love, and to act. And there is always some good news! For example, Pendle Hill has just reprinted Kenneth's 1942 William Penn Lecture, *The Practice of the Love of God*, which has been long out of print. Read it and practice! Also, the international Nonviolent Peaceforce so many of us have worked for is now

**For a description of their extraordinary careers, see A Western Quaker Reader, pp. 200-204.*



*Kenneth and Elise Boulding on their wedding day, August 30, 1941.
Kenneth's pamphlet Practicing the Love of God was written soon afterwards.*

actually in the field, in Sri Lanka, and has been recognized by the UN with the appointment of an official UN staff liaison.

More locally, we had a wonderful family reunion organized by daughter Christie at Cape Cod the last weekend in June, just before my 84th birthday. There were forty of us, from grandma to great-grandchildren, and cousins—two all the way from Norway, and grandson

Bjorn flew all the way from Japan with his fiancée Chi for the occasion. Much fun!

As for myself, though I move slowly, I continue local activities in the Boston area. In addition to Wellesley Friends Meeting, there are weekly peace vigils in Needham and special events at the nearby Peace Abbey in Sherborn, and elsewhere, but basically my "calling" these days is to Be Here for visitors. And there are many!

To share hope, and ideas for local peace building, and ideas for connecting the local to the global, is a daily activity. We are all citizens of the UN, and all living things on the planet are our relatives. Early morning meditation walks (now much shorter) help me reaffirm those relationships daily. Tea every afternoon with neighbors Howard and Betsy Tompkins also affirms the very special relationships possible in the North Hill community.

It is a special joy to think that this letter is being published in the official publication of Western Quakers, with whom Kenneth and I had a long association. Kenneth is still very much with me in spirit. Gradually, we will all pass through the Door, with gratitude for the lives we have lived. Any of you who find your way to the Boston area, come visit me while I'm still here!

On Kenneth's pamphlet *The Practice of the Love of God*

Kenneth's pamphlet *The Practice of the Love of God* originated in the 1942 William Penn lecture. We had been married a few months, and the love of God and the love for each other were closely intertwined from the time we met in May and were married August 30, 1941. We read Brother Lawrence and other spiritual writings aloud to each other, as the content of this pamphlet reflects. Kenneth passed away March 12, 1993, but he is still very much with me in spirit, and I read and reread his sonnets from day to day. In preparing to move to Boston to be closer to my daughter Christine, I went through Kenneth's books, manuscripts, and pamphlets. As I reread *The Practice of the Love of God*,

those early months of our marriage came back to me vividly. I knew that Kenneth's declaration of the love of God and all Creation should not stay hidden in an old out-of-print pamphlet. That's how I came to send it to Pendle Hill, with a little bit of editing for today's gender-sensitive ears, and am so happy that they made the decision to reprint it.

Kenneth's vision of a possible peaceful and loving world in a century of war clouds came out in everything he did, whether as an economist studying the dynamics of the arms race, a social scientist studying general systems theory and the dynamics of space-

ship earth, or a futurist studying the evolutionary potential of human thought... Kenneth is still with us! □

FRIENDLY NEWS

SPECIAL AFSC IRAQ WAR EXHIBIT COMING WEST

To help call attention to the human cost of the Iraq War, the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) is bringing the "Eyes Wide Open" exhibit to the Western USA, including New Mexico, California, Oregon, and Washington. This exhibit can open dialogue, provide a place to honor and grieve the dead, and help our community deal with a very divisive issue. Because a truly community-wide experience is envisioned, other churches and organizations have been invited to join as co-sponsors.

This exhibit was created by AFSC and has come to be known as the "Boots Exhibit." Its focal point is a memorial consisting of over 1000 pairs of military boots tagged with the name of each

American soldier who has died in the war. But *Eyes Wide Open* is much more than that. It is a multi-media, multi-sensory journey through the words, images and sounds of the Iraq war. It speaks to us about the costs of war on all sides and presents a wonderful opportunity to open dialogue on a divisive and heart-rending issue.

To find out more details, contact your local AFSC office or check out the AFSC website at <http://www.afsc.org/eyes/default.htm>. □

FRIENDLY RESPONSES

JOHN CALVI CALLS FOR QUAKER CONFERENCE ON PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF TORTURE

Dear Friends: I am glad to see that Marin County (CA) Friends have approved a minute opposing torture (*FB*, January, 2005, p. 18). I believe the time has come for Quakers to create a conference on torture.

What was once a small and secret practice is now becoming a widespread, public, and stated policy. Opposition to this policy would be the essence of Friends' Peace Testimony, practice, and faith and would add to our history.

Because there are indications that torture will continue and increase, I believe it is time for Friends to study this with a conference. Let us become informed, spread information, and choose action in education, investigation, prevention, and treatment.

I know this is the most repulsive topic to conference on. It may only draw a small number of people at first. But the problem of torture is the most "without Light" aspect of the current spiritual condition of the human family.

As so many of you, I have neither the time nor energy to create such a conference. But I also know that I cannot turn away. There is much good that needs doing, and the work is mine, and ours. Of course, it would be best if an established Friends group(s) created this.

I ask three things of you:

1. Please share this call to conference

March 2005 FRIENDS BULLETIN

widely among Friends, Friends meetings and Friends organizations. This letter will be on my website www.johncalvi.com with future updates.

2. Please take this call to heart and hold the effort in the Light.

3. If there are talents, gifts and resources you or your organization have

to help make this conference happen, please be in touch with me directly at calvij@sover.net. With many thanks—
John Calvi calvij@sover.net. PO Box 301
Putney VT 05346. 802-387-4789.

[*John Calvi, a Quaker healer, was the keynote speaker at IMYM last summer. See FB, July 2004.*]

The Faith and Practice of Intermountain Yearly Meeting in a Nutshell

A large committee of Intermountain Yearly Meeting has been struggling for over ten years to produce a Faith and Practice agreeable to its varied constituent membership. Though the light at the end of the tunnel is at last visible, Friends have been as susceptible as anyone to the attractions of niggling, politely called “wordsmithing,” which stand in the way. At its most recent work-meeting, the committee was presented by one of its members with the following document as one which would probably be acceptable to our entire annual gathering. It seemed to merit wider publication.
—Submitted by Phyllis Hoge, Albuquerque (NM) Friends Meeting.

Chapter 1: Introduction

George Fox heard from God and passed the message along.
Apparently this is possible.

Chapter 2: Friends' Faith

Some Friends believe different things, but that's OK.

Chapter 3: History of Intermountain Yearly Meeting

Intermountain Yearly Meeting began as an annual Fellowship in 1974. There are Friends who believe this was a mistake. For more information, there are books.

Chapter 4: The Monthly Meeting

Once a month, Friends gather and try to listen to each other.
Sometimes they agree.

Chapter 5: Meeting for Worship

Some Friends think this should really be chapter 4.

Chapter 6: Membership

After a while, you may want to serve on different committees.
If you mention this to someone, you'll probably get a clearness committee. Later on, you can quit if you want.

Chapter 7: Marriage

There are all kinds of legal advantages to being married.
If you want these you can see a justice of the peace. Otherwise, Friends will let you stand up and announce your intentions, after which they may support you.

Chapter 8: Death and Memorials

Plan ☐

BOOK REVIEW

The Practice of The Love of God by Kenneth Boulding. Pendle Hill Pamphlet #374. Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, PA 19086-6099. Introduction by Elise Boulding. Book review by Lois Barton, Eugene (OR) Meeting.

Pendle Hill decided to reprint this pamphlet based on a William Penn Lecture delivered in 1942 because its message is universal and still has relevance today. The title recalls Brother Lawrence's book, *The Practice of the Presence of God*, which has long been a favorite among Friends.

Boulding's pamphlet addresses the question: How do we respond to the idea that “God is Love”? Boulding believes that “...we are born to love as we are born to breathe and eat and drink.” The way to God is through mutual love—a relationship of persons, which means that our concept of God requires a personal component. We are urged to find the way to love God by expanding our love for the specifics of God's creation, beginning, perhaps, with family love and progressing ever outward to the whole universe.

For Boulding, love involves the intellect as well as emotions. Each contributes toward the goal of practicing the love of God. Boulding helps the reader understand limiting factors when our love is applied too narrowly. We need to honor “that of God” in family and community relationships as well as in our country. For either “the love of God is the only sure foundation for the love of neighbor” or else this command is a “monstrous sarcasm.”

Love of God requires nourishment from many sources. We can be heartened by the record of those who have gone before. We need the support and inspiration of our contemporaries known to us “in that which is eternal.”

Applying the practice of the love of God to the world around us means that our lives must address the needs of fellow humans and the environment as well as the responsibilities of government in

patterns that reveal the love of God for all of God's creation.

This is a well-written, carefully reasoned examination of the many points at which we humans lose the thread of loving God, but it also leaves the reader with hope and courage for the future.

Boulding reminds us that this is God's world, and God is always redeeming it. Boulding reminded his readers that "out of the very depths if the misery of our time there will come a reawakening of divine love in the hearts of God's prodigal children." □

Voices

by Eric Sabelman
Palo Alto (CA) Meeting

The young man who sought true knowledge left his city to study with a teacher who lived in a cave under a hill.

One day she instructed him, "Today, you should meditate by the stream flowing down the hill."

He sat down in the shade under the beech trees that lined the stream.

About midmorning, he jumped up and ran to his teacher. "A voice louder than rushing water spoke to me! It said, 'The people are ignorant. Go and teach them the truth.'"

"That you may do, but not today or tomorrow," said his teacher. "Now, chop enough firewood for us to cook our supper."

And he did.

The next day, she directed, "Today, sit and meditate under a live oak farther up the hill."

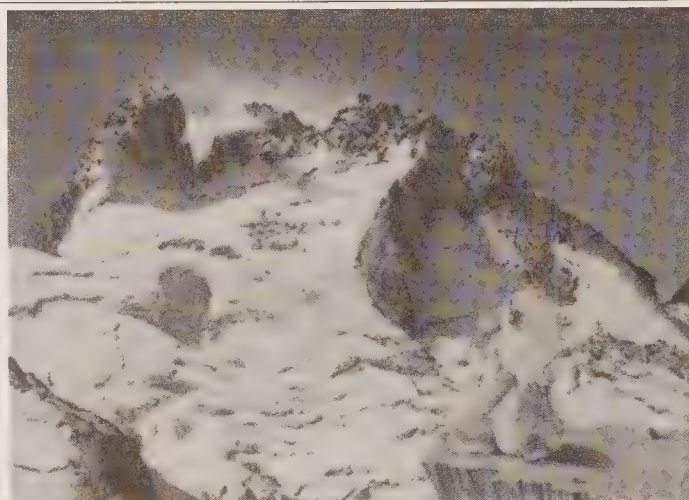
He sat quietly until about noon, then jumped up and ran to his teacher. "A voice like the wind in the branches spoke to me. It told me, 'The world is ill-governed. Go and give the lawmakers new laws that are just and compassionate.'"

"That may be," she said. "But not today or tomorrow. Now, chop the firewood we will need to cook our supper."

And he did.

The following day, the wise woman said, "Now, meditate under the dead thorn tree standing in the open meadow higher on the hill."

The young man sat in silence until mid-afternoon, when he jumped up and



ran to his teacher. "A voice as soft as a falling leaf spoke to me, saying 'The world is in pain. Go and help heal it.'"

"That may be," she said. "But not today or tomorrow. Now, chop the firewood so we can cook our supper."

And he did.

The next day, she told him, "Today, you should meditate at the top of the hill."

He sat in the sun among the stones and dry grass all day. The morning fog filling the valleys evaporated into the sky, speaking to him in a voice like a sigh. He heard the crackling voice of seeds ripening on the stalks of grass. He listened to the hissing voice of air passing over the wings of hawks circling over the valley. Insects and small creatures like lizards and mice spoke to him in high-pitched voices and rustling movements. None of these voices asked the young man to do anything; all they spoke of was themselves.

As the day ended and fog spilled over the far hills into the valley, he finally heard a voice that demanded action of him.

The young man walked down the hill to where his teacher was chopping the evening firewood. He said, "I can tell from the sound that the axe is dull. I don't know why I didn't hear it sooner. Let me get the whetstone and sharpen it."

And he did. □

MEMORIAL MINUTES

JOAN CHRISTOPHERSON

Joan Christopherson, a founding member Missoula (MT) Friends Meeting, died in October 2002 at the age of 84, just a month shy of her 85th birthday.

She was born in 1917, half a world away from the place of her death, at the Vellore Mission in India, where she lived until her 8th year. Her memories of the years in India were vivid. Her father was a minister who served at a teacher's training institute and also ministered to surrounding villages. In the earliest days of the First World War, her mother, a Scotland-born physician, survived the torpedoing of the ship on which she was returning to India—to her work as a medical missionary and to her fiancé, Joan's father. Joan loved to tell this story—particularly how her mother continued on to India (obviously having been among those rescued), of necessity leaving her trousseau behind, somewhere on the floor of the Mediterranean.

Because of her father's health, the family returned to the United States, and Joan spent the rest of her young years on Staten Island, New York. She subsequently attended Vassar College, majoring in history, which continued to be a lifelong interest. Her memory for the history she avidly read was remarkable. Her education continued at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, where she received a master's degree in international affairs. Her disillusionment with the way in which international affairs were conducted was key to the development of her pacifist beliefs and eventually led her to the American Friends Service Committee, for whom she worked for a number of years, and, from there, to the Religious Society of Friends.

Joan met her husband to be, Edward (Chris) Christopherson, through her affiliation with AFSC. During World War II, they moved first to North Dakota and later to Missoula, where Chris, a conscientious objector, did alternative service as a smokejumper. Initially, Joan

taught school in the Bitterroot [Valley in Montana]. Her interest in children led her to pursue a second master's degree in early childhood education from Columbia University in New York city. From 1958 to 1975 she taught early childhood education and directed the preschool program at the University of Montana. She was a fierce advocate for children and did not hesitate to challenge those, including parents, whom she felt were not acting in their best interests.

Joan and Chris had four children: Jan, Ann, Jeanne, and Ian. She was intensely involved in the lives of her children and eight grandchildren, particularly imparting to them her belief in the value, the necessity, of education. After her mother's death, Jan Christopherson Charlo commented that as impressive as her mother's community accomplishments were, what stood out most in her mind were her mother's values and the time she spent with them. She told the girls they could be anything they wanted—even president of the United States—if they put their minds to it. They recall camping out with their mother cooking hamburgers and serving them on home-made whole wheat bread—being allowed to bring snakes home as pets, but only for a short time—they'd have to return them to the woods where they found them.

Joan is also remembered for her extraordinary commitment to the causes of education, human rights, and good government. In the early 1950s, she co-founded the Missoula League of Women Voters. In the 1960s, she helped launch Head Start programs in Montana. In the 1980s she was a charter member of the Missoula Amnesty International chapter. She also worked to promote nursing home reform, to end the death penalty, and served on the board of Missoula Community Access Television. She was, in addition, an extraordinary traveler—to China several times, to England and Scotland, and to Yugoslavia.

Travel and work on many of her causes continued until the last six years of her life, when failing health in the form of increasing memory loss limited her public involvements. She made one last visit abroad during this period, to Greece,

with her granddaughter, April. More and more, this seemed to be a time of turning inward. Joan's spoken ministry in meeting shifted from expressions of concern about world events to insights from the religious traditions that had formed her—from early years in her father's church to those from her chosen spiritual home, the Quakers.

We greatly miss her steady presence, her commitment to making the world a better place, and her deeply loving self. □

DAVID CHAPMAN LINE

David Chapman Line, 77, of Missoula, Montana, passed away on Thursday, April 3, 2003, after a brief battle with cancer. David was born on January 22, 1925, to Robert Campbell Line and Louise Chapman Line. He moved to Missoula with his family in 1927; Missoula remained his home ever since. He graduated from Pomona College in California in 1949 with a degree in mathematics. He was co-owner, with his father, of the Line Import Business for many years, serving as accountant and general business manager.

David had many interests in life. He rode his Harley any time the weather allowed. He enjoyed photography, taking many beautiful photos of Montana wildflowers. He enjoyed raising bees and extracting honey. He had a garden most of his life and enjoyed sharing his raspberries with others. David was the last surviving member of the original group that founded the Rocky Mountaineers Outdoor Club in 1959.

David with his brother, Bob, took great pride in preserving their land for future generations and for the visual benefit of the Missoula community. David had a strong spiritual relationship with the land, which was more than just a place for him to live. Additionally, he was aware that the wonderful open land and timber on the hillside gave everyone in Missoula a sense of peace and contentment.

David was deeply committed to what he called the "inner life." He was an active member of Missoula Monthly Meeting, frequently serving on the Ministry and

Oversight Committee. During World War II as a conscientious objector he served his country by working in an institution for the mentally ill in Philadelphia, and then working for the Forest service in Oregon through the Civilian Public Service program. David kept a wonderful library of spiritual and philosophical literature that he freely shared with those interested. He nurtured "the inner life" of others by his own example, by sharing and by acknowledging the spiritual gifts he saw in others. He maintained a lifelong interest in the Theosophical Society of America.

A deeply devoted son, David was the primary caregiver for his parents in their later years. When they became ill, he took full responsibility for them, tending to their needs for 15 years. He continued to live on in the family home.

David is survived by his sisters Louise Line Grout of Corvallis, MT, and Harriet Line Flaccus of Seattle, WA, his brother, Robert Line, Junior and wife, Ann and many nieces and nephews. David was a friend to many; and during the time of his illness, his many friends came to the hospital to give him support and comfort. His memorial service filled the Missoula Meeting House to overflow. He is missed dearly by his Meeting, his family and his friends. He was a gentle soul whose kindness will live long in the memory of those who knew him, and also in the preservation of his property, which will bring a sense of peace and contentment to many people who will be thankful for the beautiful view of the mountain upon which he lived. □

ARTHUR ("ART") HALLOCK BELL

Arthur ("Art") Hallock Bell, a beloved member of Pima (AZ) Monthly Meeting, died January 15, 2004.

Art was born April 21, 1920 in New York City, of mother Helen S. Strong, a socially-active classics teacher, and father Herbert H. Bell, an apple farmer. Art grew up with deep spiritual and cultural awareness on the simple Quaker family farm across the Hudson from Poughkeepsie. The home lacked many amenities, and during the Depression some of

the family's cash came from his father's apple sales on the streets of New York City.

Art was fortunate to have family financial help to attend Haverford College in Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1943, the last class to offer a degree in Mechanical Engineering. He occasionally spoke feelingly about the inspiration of his wonderful professors at Haverford, particularly at how well they lived their convictions every day. Art maintained contact with Haverford classmates, supporting the college and class reunions through the years.

In 1978, Art pulled up in front of Pima Meeting on his motorcycle, arriving from Boulder, CO, to take an engineering position at Tucson's new IBM facility. His spectacular entrance was followed more than a year later, in October of 1979, by his marriage under the care of the Meeting to Ruth Johnson, also divorced. The two made their home warm and welcoming, full of music and art. Art transferred his membership from Boulder Meeting to Pima Meeting in 1980. During the years after his arrival, Art's service to Pima Meeting was extraordinary in its breadth and depth. During the Sanctuary Movement, he and Ruth served quietly behind the scenes. He also served on the House Committee three times, on Long Range Planning, on the Building Committee, as Treasurer, including computerizing the accounts, as Trustee three times, on Nominating Committee, on Ministry and Oversight, and as Clerk of the Meeting.

He always said his greatest interest was in the physical development of Meetinghouses. This included working on the Boulder Meetinghouse, on renovating the caretaker's apartment at Pima Meeting's former location, and on reconstructing and remodeling our present property, a former boardinghouse and fraternity, into a practical and aesthetic space. We marvel at his detailed drawings of capitals for replacement columns on the Meetinghouse—just one example of his meticulous sense of beauty.

Art's service to the Meeting was always done with an unswerving conviction that Quaker process is the one

and only way to accomplish work amongst Friends. In a report to the Meeting in 1992, Art wrote, "It was extremely satisfactory to see all the decisions get made, and the work get done in such a loving way. Our Meeting can feel the rewards of doing such an extensive project in a manner that is a true example of 'Quaker Process.'"

Art and Ruth moved to New Hampshire in 2003 to be closer to her family. Even as his health failed, Art enjoyed dancing from his wheelchair with his step-daughters and step-granddaughters at a family wedding, and the celebration feast afterward!

Art is survived by his wife, Ruth, and three adult Bell children from his first marriage to Peggy Bell. They are Jonathan, Edith, and Tim.

We all miss Art's dear heart and his unswerving reliance on Quaker process. □

CALENDAR ITEMS

♦ **Mar 11-13. REDWOOD LODGE MOVING IN WORKCAMP!** Come help us move furniture, do landscaping, and set up the kitchen in the new building. Ben Lomond (CA) Quaker Center.*

♦ **Mar 25-27 (Easter Weekend). FRIENDS YESTERDAY AND TODAY: THE FUTURE OF OUR PAST.** Learning how to live and speak and act George Fox's message in our 21st century. David Boulton. Ben Lomond (CA) Quaker Center.*

♦ **Apr 1-3. A Look at Our Faith and Practice** A threshing session for the community as a whole. PYM Discipline Committee. Ben Lomond (CA) Quaker Center.*

For more information, contact Walter Hjelt Sullivan, Ben Lomond Quaker Center, PO Box 686, Ben Lomond, CA 95005. Voice phone: 831-336-8333. Fax: 831-336-0218. E-mail: mail@quakercenter.org. Website: <http://www.quakercenter.org>.

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Schools, Retreat Centers, Camps, and Retirement Homes

BEN LOMOND QUAKER CENTER: Personal retreats, family reunions, weddings, retreats, and our own schedule of Quaker Programs. Among the redwoods, near Santa Cruz, CA. 831-336-8333. <http://www.quakercenter.org>.

FRIENDS HOUSE IS A MULTILEVEL RETIREMENT COMMUNITY offering independent living apartments and houses, an assisted care living facility, skilled nursing, and an adult day services program serving residents and the wider Santa Rosa, CA community. Located in Santa Rosa, Friends House is easily accessible to San Francisco, the Pacific Coast, redwood forests, and the vineyards of Sonoma and Napa counties. Friends House is owned and operated by Friends Association of Services for the Elderly (FASE), a California not-for-profit corporation. The facility and Board of Directors are strongly influenced by Quaker traditions. The welfare and growth of persons within an environment which stresses independence is highly valued. Tour Friends House at our website at www.friendshouse.org. Friends House, 684 Benicia Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95409. 707-538-0152.

THE WOOLMAN SEMESTER at Sierra Friends Center offers a Quaker educational opportunity in a one semester high school experience emphasizing Quaker Testimonies: Peace, Justice,

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WELLSPRINGS FRIENDS SCHOOL: alternative, accredited high school grades 9-12. Rooted in the Quaker spirit of simplicity, community, nonviolence, honoring the Light in every person. Open enrollment. Climate of affirmation. 3590 W. 18th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97402. 541-686-1223. FAX: 541-687-1493. Dennis Hoerner, Head.

ACCOMMODATIONS: WILLIAM PENN HOUSE, WASHINGTON, DC. Quaker Seminars, youth programs, bed and breakfast. 5 blocks from the Capitol, Supreme Court and near Smithsonian Museums. Shared accommodations for individuals and groups. Gays, lesbians and people of color are welcome. 515 East Capitol St. SE, Washington, DC 20003, 202-543-5560, FAX 202-543-3814, director@wmpennhouse.org, www.Quaker.org/penn-house.

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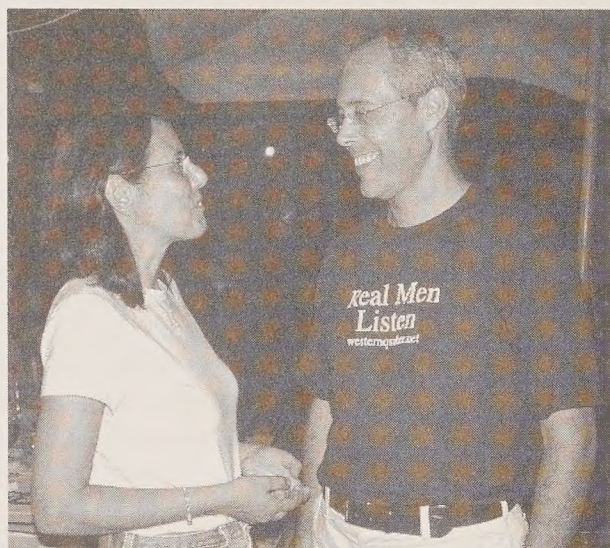
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___ *Quaker Peace Testimony in Times of Terrorism*, FB Pamphlet #2 (2nd edition, 2005) by Robert Griswold. Reflections upon the spiritual basis for Friends' peacemaking efforts during this time of "perpetual war for perpetual peace." Ideal for study groups. Single copy: \$3.95. Two or more: \$3 each (incl. postage & handling).

___ *Islam from a Quaker Perspective*, FB Pamphlet #1 (2003). This pamphlet explores the spirituality of fasting, examines the Islamic faith in relation to Friends' testimonies and provides a brief overview of Quaker involvement in the Middle East. Single copy: \$3.95. Two or more: \$3 each (incl. postage & handling).

___ *A Western Quaker Reader, Writings by and about Independent Quakers in the Western United States*. FB Publications, 2000. First historical work about Western Quakerism written from the viewpoint of Independent Friends provides vivid, first-person testimonies by Friends involved in the "reinvention" of Quakerism in the Western USA from the 1930s to the present. 354 pp. paper. \$19.95 (incl. postage & handling).

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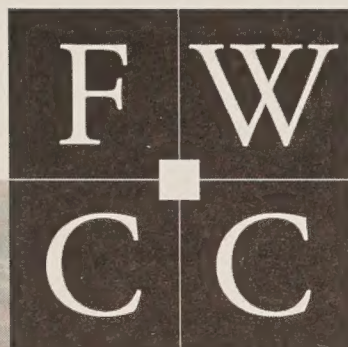
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